



Existence
and Time
Philosophical
poems

Sorin Cerin

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- philosophical poems-

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2017

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Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Al Cistelecan within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tends to mix where

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not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passionnal, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

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They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

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How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

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Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimental again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God,

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Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Con vorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin,

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from, *Con vorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title *An existentialist poet of the 21st century*, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to

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have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX,

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and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and

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new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

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After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

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Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century .

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose

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symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and

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insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many

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other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

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Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of

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meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

PhD Professor Ioan Holban : "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

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on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled,
with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu : "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a

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reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

PhD Professor Ion Vlad : "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:
"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken

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mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *'a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutisan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin proclaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious

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rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu: "Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Stefan Borbely: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of

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the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from

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far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon" ... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

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1. From a Word of the Creation

They fall hard and cold,
the Moments,
which and have lost,
the breaths of the Eternities,
what lies in the mud of some Words,
of the Nobody,
which is cut from time to time,
by the sharp wheels,
of the chariot of fire,
of a Time,
what he whips mercilessly,
the horses of the Future,
what they barely can pull after them,
the Wickedness and Vanity,
on which he tied them,
by, the forehead of his Wrinkles,
through which it drain,
the sweat of the Absurd,
in which it drowns little by little,
without realizing it,
until, his whole breath,
will become a cemetery,
from a Word of the Creation,
on which we will never know him.

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**2. The Paradise of the Inferno on which we have
built him**

Then when the Time,
will mow the Grass of the Thoughts,
to feed the Existence of Remembrance,
the Illusions of the Happiness and Suffering,
will become an amalgam of the cause,
for which,
the Apocalypse of Defective Genes,
from our Consciences,
will erupt,
devouring the Paradise of the Inferno,
on which we have built him,
after the pattern of the Original Sins,
carved by God,
in the blood,
of the Words,
of the our Creations.

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3. Competition of undeniable

We were kidnapped,
by the prides of the Horizons of wax,
which have melted their candles of the Dreams,
in the mold of a Word,
on which,
we will not can use him, never,
at polishing the sepulchers
from the hotheaded Blood of the Creation,
whose broken Genes,
they seem unable to longer be repaired,
by Nobody,
because all the factories of the Illusions of the Happiness,
they went bankrupt,
in the face of undeniable competition,
of the Illusions of the Life, Suffering, and Death.

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4. The Highway of the Creation, of the salvations

It's raining with Fire,
over the maimed Feelings,
of the Society, of, Consumed
the own Consumption,
of Illusions of the Life and Death,
stifled in the boiling blood,
of some Sunsets, wounded,
by the Horizons of the Vices,
what they were hurrying to run,
toward the Drugs of the Illusions of the Happiness,
without respecting,
the laws of leading, of the Religions,
on which God had written them,
yet before building,
the Highway of the Creation, of the salvations,
which incidentally passes,
and through the front of our Destinies,
trampled in the heavy concrete feet,
of this one,
for to be pressed,
as deep as possible,
in the graves,
of the our own Existences.

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5. It was scattered

Even, the Fog of the Meanings of the Creation,
it was scattered,
long before we were born,
in a World,
of the Illusions of the Suffering, Happiness, Life and Death,
to which we are partakers,
without we knowing,
how much Truth,
would contain all this,
even if it rises,
as the smokes of the bitter smiles,
on the frost of the Consciousnesses,
what slips of before,
of the Steps of some Glances,
by which instead of we finding us,
we lose us,
even the last traces of contour,
from the body of the answer to the question,
who we are?

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6. Was fighting with the Uncertain Future

Words of Wind,
blown by the breath of a God,
created by us,
what give birth to the storms,
of any beginning of World,
carrying the sails of the ships of Dreams,
loaded with the spices of the Suffering,
brought from other corners of the Universe,
to light us,
the beaten path by the Illusions of the Happiness,
which have never let us,
to face us the Destinies,
even if we could look them,
from the ivory towers,
of the Aspirations,
where the Past,
was fighting,
with the Uncertain Future,
of the fights,
between our own Strangers from ourselves,
who never let themselves be defeated,
and the Vanities so of absurd,
of the own Destinies.

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7. For to not be sold

The ration of the Steps,
was divided to us,
with so much parsimony by Destinies,
that all the Sacrifices of the Illusions of this World,
were in vain,
because eventually
we have succeeded to see,
somewhere further than ourselves,
by the own Being,
the Absolute Truth,
which was crashing,
in the chasm of the tomb,
of the Word of Creation,
in which we have collapsed us the Existence,
compromised, of the whole Time,
who killed us,
the Eternity of a Moment,
what should have remained,
only ours,
for to not be sold
for a handful of silver coins,
given by an equally illusory Knowledge,
how we were ourselves.

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8. Chess

It rains me with the steps,
of the Words of Creation,
of the Glances,
in which we lost us the Horizon,
entered,
in the trance of the beginning and end of World,
on which we started playing Chess,
with the own Existences,
of the squares, of Moments,
good or bad,
what they were fighting,
for the Future of Hopes,
of a Queen, of the Regrets,
that she has not fulfilled its,
the Dream of to conquer the Impenetrable,
or of a King full of remorse,
who would have lost its,

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the Realms of the Absolute Truth,
under the ruthless swords of the Pawns,
of the Illusions of the Happiness, Suffering, Life and Death,
on which it had not observed them from the Tower of the
Eternity,
from which, it was believed,
Invincible,
as it was really,
the Love,
of a God so stranger,
of ourselves.

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9. The name of our Destiny

Nothing, we do not know,
more than the nescience,
on which we know it,
so little,
that all the Aspirations,
are us buried,
in the tombs of the uncertain Future,
of some Cemeteries of Words,
on which we often visit them,
then when we have to say,
something really important,
about the Illusions of the Life, Happiness, Suffering,
or of the Death,
from ourselves,
those who died with long time,
of before we are born,
in the arms of a falling star,
who bears the name,
of our Destiny.

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10. Even the Labyrinths

We find ourselves,
so far away from,
the Universe in which we mirroring us
the Love or Hate,
that we choose,
most often,
to feed us with the shards of the Hourglass,
which cuts us the Moments,
after the measure,
where we broke us,
the Parallel Mirrors of the Illusions of Life,
wanting to we get rid of the Original Sins,
without we to understand that precisely they,
were the Meaning of the Existences,
on which we were crossing them,
full of cuts and bloody by,
the Sunsets, or Sunrises of the Glances,
in which we were losing us,
even the Labyrinths,
through which is hiding for us,
the Stranger of the Absolute Truth.

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11. The broken Genes

It's harder for me,
to stay behind the Moment,
than before of the wheels of her Time,
on which the Word of the Creation of the World is
measuring him,
in the Illusions of some Cemeteries of Dreams,
of the Death and Life,
drawn through the wedding rings of the Happiness,
on which neither a Suffering,
she would not want them,
at the head of the deathbed,
where he make his appearance, lonely but persistently,
the Angel of the Absolute Truth,
under the image of man,
of Faith,
lost in the bosom of a Religion,
on which we never understood it as then,
when we were the Love of a God,
because, the Misunderstood, has always been,
the Stranger from the Blood of the broken Genes,
by the Happening, un-incidentally,
from our Future.

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12. All, We

How many times,
we broke us the shirt of this Existence,
of ourselves ?,
until we have understood,
that any fashion of the Conscience we would wear,
it would be, all, a counterfeit business,
of the created God,
All,
by Us,
the ones gnawed by the Greed, Envy, and Uncertainty,
of the Agony,
of to us be born,
slaves of the Illusions,
of the Life,
the Suffering,
the Happiness and Death,
from whose dough we have conceived us,
the Genes of a Blood of the Consciousness,
corrupted by the Absolute Lie,
of the Existence full of Passions and Remorses,

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of, the Star of the Destiny,
which has fallen without,
of We,
the Eyes of the Windows of Heaven,
of the Consciousness,
in the Inferno of this World,
on which neither of us have not recognized it,
as being,
Love,
than, only the God whom we have kneaded him,
creating Him,
when,
we were no longer,
aforetime than all the Times together,
All We,
the ones before,
of the Incarnation in the Dust of the Vanity,
which we were the Absolute Truth.

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13. Without our will

I have broken me the porch of the Day,
by the Clouds of the Thoughts of a Religion,
of the Glances dispirited,
from which we have sewn us shirts of Faith,
on which we have worn them at our Meetings with the
Destiny,
then when we have banished us the Words,
what they would have wanted to talk,
instead of the Immortality of the Moments,
on which I wanted them,
to be present at the table of the Destinies,
which have cornered us with the claws of the Time,
tearing away us the Moments,
whose Mud of Meanings,
they dirty us,
the new Vestments of the Hopes,
on which we have undressed them,

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remaining only us and the Future,
the same of naked,
as us have been, the bodies of the Past,
through the labyrinths of whom, we were hiding,
the Absolute Truth,
of the Eternity,
of the Universes, in whose Hearts,
we have beat us, the Times,
until they fled,
forever from our Souls,
without we knowing that the Destinies will sell us,
without our will,
precisely at them.

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14. Knowing how much he has to die

Elevate me the ashes of the Time killed,
by the Moment of the Eternity,
and throw it, to fatten,
the Dust of the Vanity,
on which the Destiny has chosen it,
at the Fair of Cattle,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
where each Day,
was willing to shoot,
at the Yoke of the Absurd,
alongside the Souls of the Creation,
of a God,
made by ourselves,
at the table where,
the Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
of the Blood from the Genes of the Future,
was banished,
by the Misunderstood of the Time,
on which we never judged him,
knowing how much, he has to die,
through the Cemeteries of the Words,
lacked of Hopes,
of this World.

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15. The Wildernesses of the Sacred Fires

I caught me the hairpin of the Immortality,
in your hair of flint,
Existence,
of the sparks hit by,
the horns of the Stags, deceived,
by, the Absolute Truth,
which has promised them,
that they will never know,
the Illusions of the Death,
the Suffering,
the Happiness and Life,
then when they will run,
through the Wildernesses of the Sacred Fires,
ignited by the Loves
which have fled,
from the Fire of the birth of this World,
for fear of the punishment written by God,
on the biblical tabs of the Original Sins.

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16. Through the darkness of some Labyrinths

The prices of the Coffins, of Empty Words,
have become increasingly prohibitive,
leaving in their place,
much more attractive,
the Souls incarnated in Commas,
at the stray Heads,
of the Societies of Consumption of the Illusions,
where is watching the Vanity,
from which they have made for them,
the fortunes entire, of Absurd,
on which they have overbid them,
in the Games without Winners,
of the Deliriums of this World,
who thought they could divide, the Nothing,
in equal parts,
to the Destinies,
which neither they,
they did not understand, in their turn,
what they are looking for,
through the darkness of some Labyrinths,
of the Absurd.

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17. With each Moment

The Illusion of the Life,
is an arithmetic of the Debauchery,
which gathers the Eternities of Moments,
for to waste them,
in Crumbs of Thoughts,
while, the Illusion of the Death,
decreases with every moment,
the Existence,
of what it means,
Immortality,
until,
it does not remain Nothing else,
than,
the Eternity wasted by Life,
with each Moment

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18. A new End

The Caverns of the Words,
awaits the guests of the Days,
which, they will hide,
in their dark and tenebrous depths,
where from,
nor a Glance has ever succeeded,
to escape,
without being Naked,
of any Content,
which would have succeeded to dress the Time,
with a Remembrance,
from where to can start,
a new End.

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19. Of Good, or of Bad

The reins of the Time have been gnawed,
by the sharp claws of the Destiny,
who keeps them firmly,
lest we slip,
in the Ocean of the Immortality,
where we will no longer learn,
at the School of the Illusions,
what is the Suffering or Happiness,
going totally unprepared,
ahead of the Universal Consciousness,
which was thinking,
to give us the Task thankless,
of to be ourselves,
Destiny,
for another World,
where to teach those there,
the Love,
on which, we not understood it here,
no matter how much we would have endured,
of Good or of Bad.

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20. The Domino of the Creation of the Souls

Remnants of Thoughts,
they bring the waves of the Forgetfulness,
at the shore of the Present Non-existent,
of a Past,
which shares with the Future,
the Illusions of the Life,
the Happiness,
the Suffering and Death,
of which the Existence seems to be more stranger,
than the Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
from the Blood of our defective Genes,
on which does not succeed,
of long ago than a Humanity,
to repair them,
even if each time,
is surrounded,
by the tools greasy by Questions,
of the Evolution,
increasingly sophisticated,
which are trying hard,
to match,
to the missing pieces,
from the Domino of the Creation of the Souls.

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21. Really, Nothing

Beyond Consciousness,
can no longer be,
nor an Inferno or Paradise,
but only the Quietness,
on which nor a Knowledge,
she not felt it ever,
as being a World,
but only in its pure and latent state,
of beyond the Immortality,
uninhabited by nor a Destiny,
where the meadows full of dew,
they can not be, not even Questions,
not to mention the Answers,
and in their place,
neither TO BE,
it can not exist,
because the Being of the Time,
can never reach,
in a single Eternity,
of Moment,
even if she wastes them on all together,
giving them, to the Death,
about which we will never know,
really,
Nothing.

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22. Making Allergy

Gates, of, Stars,
they close us between the walls of the Consciousness,
through which, they are mirroring their brilliance,
the Vanities,
deep into the Souls of the Illusions,
on which we breathe them as being real,
among the Days and Nights,
of the Good or Evil,
from which we make clothes to the Future,
so cooled,
that every time,
when he stops in our Present,
he sneezes and coughs dry,
making Allergy when he sees us,
as if he had a knot in his neck,
and then he leaves, drowned,
with ourselves,
at the medical office of the Time,
where take us out,
as he to throw us, at, the Past,
which, it feeds,
with all the carions,
given, to the Death.

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23. Slaves of the Concepts

Why were we born,
for to be Banished by ourselves
on the alleys of the Cemeteries of Words,
on which is walking, mournful,
the Destiny ?,
at the funeral hour of the Illusions,
which have guided us,
the Truths Compromised,
the whole Life,
of slaves of the Concepts,
on which nor a Consciousness,
which might know the Absolute,
would not accept them, ever,
as such,
on the streets beaten by Years,
wasted, stupidly.

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24. From before of to be born, for us the Death

Bridges that link Consciousnesses,
were built by the Destiny,
from the Clouds of some Questions and Answers,
what, they can not support,
neither the most insignificant Step,
on which we could do him,
then when we would try,
to we cross,
the troubled waters of the Knowledge,
which separates us,
by, the Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
from ourselves,
who awaits us,
through the corners of the Genes,
from before,
of to be born, for us,
the Death.

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25. The deaf ravens

The bricks of the verbs
they began to bite, deaf,
from the ruins of the Cathedral of the Soul,
from which, they began to detach,
the Icons of the Holy Moments,
falling hard and regrettable,
in the stellar dust of the Forgetfulness,
where, the Death grinds,
the Future.

The deaf ravens of the Days,
they rotate over the carrions, of Memories,
waiting to darken, completely,
in ourselves.

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26. Our landmark of birth

If we were born,
Wings of Eternity,
would we have learned to fly,
above the Immortality ?,
how we swim through the Illusions of the Existence,
drowning we every time,
with one Day,
what it seemed deserted by the Destiny,
as to find out in the end,
that it was our landmark of birth,
from which it began,
the Time to numbers us,
the Death.

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27. Existence and Time

If the Existence would have born the Time,
it would not have been her Awareness,
nor the Knowledge of the Beginning and of the End,
and, if the Time would have born the Existence,
this one should have existed.

The Existence,
is a Time of the Space,
of an Awareness of Self.

Without Awareness,
the whole stellar dust,
it would be lost in the Primordial Nothingness,
of the Unique Happening Incidentally,
which is both the Absolute Truth,
as and the God.

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28. How is the Time in front the Eternity

Columns of stellar dust,
they are guarding obedient,
the Lands of the Illusions,
of the Hate, Fear and Happiness,
beyond ourselves,
for to instigate us,
to escalate them the heighs,
of the Memories from the Universes,
on which have lost them,
at the Lottery of the Happening,
which have transformed them,
in the Powder of Consciousness of now,
of a Present,
on so non-existent,
how is the Time,
in front the Eternity.

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29. Consumables Illusory

Lattices of Moments,
they guard the Illusions,
of the Remembrance, Suffering and Life,
for to give to the Death,
the illusory Souls of the Incarnation,
in the Vanity of a Word,
said by God,
to His drunkenness of Empty Words,
from the Wind of the Universe,
on which he to put them,
in the showcases of the Brothel of his Creation,
from where she smiles us,
and our World,
which even now,
more winks,
to the Society of Consumption,
Consumables Illusory,
such as the Space and Time,
on which has lured her every time,
when and wanted strong sensations,
gathered from on the Mountain of Pleasures,
where they bloom,
the Adulteries of some Religions,
which have built their false cathedrals,
equipped with all the utilities of the Lies,
on the Souls' Realms.

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30. They became God

The desires were shed,
from the broken pitchers of the Destinies,
they are leaking through the Wrinkles of the Time,
aged too early,
by the Existence of its Illusions,
on which pays them, royally,
every time when are required him new Moments,
for plastering the stars of some Fates,
which have no longer been drawn,
at the Roulette of the Illusions of so many Worlds,
of the Galaxies of Words,
of the CReations,
which have not longer begot,
not even a whimper of Life,
since when, the Parallel Mirrors of the Happening Un-
incidentally,
the ones who mirror the Unique Incidentally,
of the Absolute Truth,
they became themselves,
God.

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31. Created in the most fashionable way

The pyres of words,
they light up,
over the candles of the Histories lived by the Illusions of
the World,
buried in the Cemeteries, of Glances
of the decomposed streets,
by the Feelings,
on where not passes anymore, Nobody,
long ago,
than all the ancient Times of the Happiness together,
which have closed,
the shutters of the Shops of Dreams,
from on the foreheads full of sweat of the Hopes,
which still hoping in a Miracle,
before giving Bankruptcy, the Existence,
with all her illusory garments,
created in the most fashionable way,
by, the Time.

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32. Each one in part, after Taste

The vertebrae broken,
of the Words of the Creation,
are selling at the price of speculation,
on the dishonorable market of the Species of Illusions,
where each wants,
it to cook them,
at will,
some more salty,
on the deep wounds of the Lives,
others more sweet,
for to drain,
through the gallant samovars,
of the Prisons, of Dreams,
but all these,
for to be served to Destinies,
which, they will incarnate in the Cathedrals of Souls,
where they will hang the Icons of a God,
created according to the wishes of each one in part,
after Taste.

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33. How many steps has the Cathedral of the Soul

Will ever know, someone,
how many steps,
has the Cathedral of his Soul ?,
on which they climb or descend them,
the Illusions of the Time,
wrapped in Years of Existence,
paid royally by the Death,
which feeds on them,
because it needs,
to justify its Eternity,
in front of the Passing,
of a God of the Nobody,
-on which Nobody not notices Him, anyway,
on the deserted street of the Nothing -
in which it is mirroring itself, the Silence,
on the tormented face of the Illusions of the Life,
with makeup with happiness,
at the Destiny's wedding.

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34. Only the Illusion has a Destiny

Who ran first time?
the Existence or Space ?,
forsaken by the Death,
which made a detour,
to the Great Universal Conscience,
which, then when was mirrored,
in the Parallel Mirrors,
of the Happenings Un-incidentally,
has become Illusion,
and once with this,
the Destiny was born,
on which only the Existence, has him,
in no way Non-existence,
because only the Illusion has a Destiny,
what determines the ontological and gnoseological,
of the World.

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35. The Hunger, of Unknown

The sunsets, of flint,
they hit with strength, the cliffs of the Horizons of the
Night,
for to give birth to the Stars of the Destiny,
from on the vault of the Souls,
from which we have taken us,
a slice of Full Moon,
which to satisfy us,
the Hunger, of Unknown
of an Existence,
on which the World has painted her,
with the brush of her Illusions,
for to be framed by Time,
and then hanging by Death,
in the rusty nails of the Days,
beaten strongly,
in the walls full of mold,
of the Memories.

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36. Vestments foolish

The thorns of the Truth does not stop from growing,
then when they are watered abundantly,
with the dust of the Promises of some Lies,
on which the World has bought them,
from the dusty Fair of Stars of the Destinies,
for to feed with they,
the Illusions of Life,
of the Suffering, Happiness and Death,
which had begun to weaken,
in the last Time,
of some Times,
renegades by their own Time,
which, it began to no longer believe,
in the Vestments foolish,
of the Days, rigged out,
with necklaces of Happenings,
full of the Unforeseen
of some Births,
which did not even know how to predict for them,
the Deaths,
of the future Eternities of Moments.

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**37. The Illusions of the World put horseshoes to the
horses of the Absurd**

How many decomposed days have we to longer count,
until the reuniting of the Souls,
in Divine Death,
of the Existence,
which sewed us the Future,
with the Ropes of Moments,
which hangs us,
in every Moment of the Life,
which we breathe it,
the Time,
found in a continuous agony,
on the anvil,
where the Illusions of the World,
they put horseshoes to the horses of the Absurd,
for to lead further,
the remorses of the Dreams,
scattered on the Realms of the Creation,
of a God,
of the Nobody.

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38. Then when are Promotions

I can not ever understand,
why God,
has chosen to be Single ?,
just to be the First ?,
even if he is surrounded,
by the Saints, that guard his laws,
decreed specially,
for the our Original Sins,
on which would have been better,
if he had not conceived them,
through the incarnations of the Defective Genes,
in the Dust of the Illusions of this World,
where the Absurd,
has become a great virtue,
of the Society, of, Consumed,
Consumables of the Souls,
the increasingly dirty and paltry,
for to be sold,
at a reduced price,
then when are Promotions,
at the Death, Life,
or at the Happiness.

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39. From their sacrifice is born the Time

The builders of the Cemeteries of Births,
have daubed the chapel of the Vanity,
in the injured Souls of the Moments,
which are seated subjected,
at the row of the Existence,
in order to receive a Destiny,
on which to plant it,
in their Eternities,
without knowing,
that they will not receive in the gift,
than Illusions of Absolute Truth,
whose hybrids,
they will not do anything else,
than to squeeze them,
the Essence and Being,
killing them forever,
as, from their sacrifice,
to be born,
the Time.

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40. Over zebra of the Time

I have embraced the Universe,
in the fists of wax of the Candles,
of the Sacred Fire,
what they burn us the Souls,
then when they passes us the Existence,
over zebra of the Time,
stuck in the Good and the Bad,
of the Illusions of some Destinies,
which put up for sale,
the Days of cheap oilcloth,
of the Happiness,
which have rained with Dreams,
over the Cemeteries of Words,
of our Meetings,
with the Death.

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41. The bakeries of the Absurd

I trodden in steps of the Consciousness,
the wheat of the Destiny,
of the World,
which has leavened me the Bread of the Knowledge,
so of burned,
that I could not eat, never,
the Meaning of the bark,
from which the Illusions of the Existence,
they built for themselves, the Sense,
on which the Death,
she managed to swallow him,
at the Sufferings table,
until it drowned,
with our Souls,
dying,
before as,
we to be able to integrate us,
in her World,
filled with the bakeries of the Absurd.

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42. At the Baptism of the Consciousness

I did not ask, never,
the Eternity,
it to be debased from the Empire of the Moment,
on which I have begotten her,
at the hour of Absolute Truth,
then when it was shouted for us,
the Birth,
by a God,
on which we will not know him,
Never,
at the Baptism of the Consciousness,
with Death,
which lives through us,
the Existence,
of the Vanity,
of an Infern,
of the Sacred Paradises.

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43. Lacked of, the Life of the Illusions of the Happiness

I was so alone,
then when I swam ,
through the Conscience,
of a God of the Misunderstanding,
between the End and Endlessly,
that I have not succeeded to know, not even now,
which of the his Dreams,
were the Absolute Truth,
of the Illusions of the Happiness,
and which were the disinherited Lies,
even and by the Inferno,
of the Glances,
full of Cemeteries of Meanings,
on which only the Time,
will ever succeed,
to rot them,
at the addresses of the Days,
which were written wrong,
by, the Destinies,
on the foreheads of our Dreams,
full of the wrinkles of some Deaths,
lacked of the Life,
of the Illusions of the Happiness.

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44. Through the Flea Markets of the Existence

Where to have become God,
more ungrateful,
than in the Moment of the Eternity ?,
on which they raped it,
the paltry Times of the Absurd,
until,
they have procreated the Death,
by, ourselves,
those with counterfeit Bibles,
and Saints of Meanings,
stolen,
from the Inventories of the Illusions of the Happiness,
which are sold,
through the Flea Markets of the Existence,
at prices of Nothing,
because Nobody buys them anymore,
the Nothingness that gives the Life,
of the Defective Genes,
which have created us,
Paradise's Inferno,
where we live together,
alongside the Living Death,
which gave us,
the Life of Death.

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45. The great Resurrection

How much from the walls,
on which I have raised them,
against the Inferno,
have not become the lattice,
which closes us,
the path to the Paradise of the Sacred Fire,
of Knowledge,
of the Absolute Truth,
which melts,
in the boilers with tar,
of the Existence,
knowing that it will never succeed,
to become,
the Paradise,
on which I have sought it,
until beyond the Death,
when,
I believed in the great Resurrection,
of the our own Salvation,
of ourselves.

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46. I was far above Him

And I fell
in the knees of the Doubt,
until I saw Him,
on God,
at the Face of the Illusions of His Life and Death,
where I realized,
that I was far above Him,
the one who created us,
the Inferno from the Paradise of the Sacred Fire ,
in which we to consume us,
the Existence,
for a fist of Moments,
due,
by, the Time of the our Destiny,
too poor to pay them with interest,
to the Vanity,
which has funded us,
the Suffering.

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47. The Absurd of Tomorrow's Day

I never knew,
how much Death,
can to swallows the Consciousness,
which built us the World of the Illusions,
from the Parallel Mirrors,
of the Happenings Un-incidentally,
which have conceived us the Destinies,
pregnant with ourselves,
what we were born,
at the Maternities of the Vanities,
through the dusts of Falling Stars,
of the Paradises of some Infernos,
whose names,
have become Life,
after the Holy Fathers,
of the Sufferings,
which have sacrificed themselves,
for the Absurd of Tomorrow's Day.

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48. The Curses of the Creating of a World

The heavy tracks of Passions,
they knead the incarnated Dust of the Word,
which has us born the Suffering,
due and indebted,
to the Original Sins,
searched by the God, Shameless,
of the wickedness of some wretch,
which have created him so,
for as we,
to we can not be more free,
of, ourselves,
than we are given to be,
then when we want to cross,
the Curses of the Creating of a World,
which not only does not belong to us,
but it did not belong to us,
Never.

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49. Held in arms of the Nobody

I have not succeeded,
to ask, never,
the God of the crowd,
why was he created so,
by, this one,
on the staves of the songs of glory,
brought to the saving Death,
by the Sufferings of an Existence,
of the Religions,
full of the offerings of the Beliefs,
what they represented,
the Happiness of some Illusions,
either they and unconscious,
of a Life,
of the Everyone,
held in arms of the Nobody?

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50. It was inoculated us

I believed in the Magic of the Immortality,
until I understood,
that the whole World of the Dreams,
will die for us,
in the arms of the Unknown,
of, ourselves,
which is for us,
the Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
who was inoculated us,
from a regrettable mistake,
of a God,
created by another Stranger,
maybe friend,
or perfidious enemy,
directly in the defective Genes,
of the Paradise,
on which we have transformed it,
in the Inferno of the Illusions of the Happiness,
where we are aware,
of Death.

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51. Tied with them

And we flew,
above the God,
until, the Holy Fathers,
of the His Meanings,
have caught us by the wings of the Conscience,
and they pulled us back,
closing us in the cellars of some Morals,
where, we could not even breathe,
of, the narrow and shaky, what they were,
the Spaces between the Meanings of the Words,
and the moldy Replies of the Time,
which has spun us, handcuffs of Senses,
at the forks of the Destiny,
because only so,
we had to behave,
tied, with them,
by the Icons of the Transgressions,
from the Cathedrals of our Souls,
who have become to us,
the Infernos of some Prisons.

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52. The World of the Nobody

Windows, of, Heaven, broken,
they open the padlocks of the Memories,
which have become the Clouds of Remorses,
whose rains, boundless,
they drain,
on the sweaty foreheads,
of the Thoughts,
what they crossing lonely and depressed,
the obstacles of the Being,
from the Cemeteries of the Hopes,
kneeling at the soles,
of the Helplessness,
from which we have built us,
the World of the Nobody.

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53. The compromised Blood

Bloody sunsets,
bathing in the lakes of sweat,
of the Passions,
are sacrificing,
on the back,
of the Horizon without of Future,
of the Time,
from whose distaff,
the Illusion of Death,
it weaves the spider web, of the Life,
giving birth to new Sufferings,
which make acquaintance with the World,
at Maternities of the Vanities,
scattered,
through our Defective Genes,
from the compromised Blood,
of the Destiny.

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54. The Senses of the Being

Stairs of Heaven,
what they can not be climbed, never,
by the Steps incarnated in the Dust,
of the Walls,
from the Words,
who have conceived the World,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
where the Happiness,
is prostitute alongside Suffering,
on the streets of a withered Time,
which no longer makes any difference,
between what was and will follow,
in the halls of the Morgues, full,
of Dreams,
whose Illusions,
they have never seen,
the Senses of the Being.

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55. Finally

No matter how many Illusions of zodiac Signs,
would have changed the Destiny,
all would have arrived,
finally,
in the Cemeteries of the Words of the Creation,
through which he looked tired at us,
the God,
without to understanding, neither today,
how did he wrong us,
so dreadful,
the Genes of the Future,
creating us a Consciousness,
which is not, neither by far,
on the measure of the Aspirations,
of the Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
from the blood,
which boils us,
through the veins,
of a Paradise of the Inferno.

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56. The Architecture of the greed

Every Soul,
has the Eternity,
of the Illusions of the Life and Death,
how every Paradise,
has his Inferno,
by which it moves,
the Questions without Answer,
of a God,
who seems to be satiated,
by, the portion, of, Prayers,
on which they serve it, to him,
daily,
the churches of our Words,
bulded,
after the Architecture of the greed,
and of the bad taste,
inspired after the recipe,
of, the Original Sins.

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57. Of an Universe

Splashed by the slippery sweat,
of the invisible Gods,
bathed in the Water of the Immortality,
we slip into the chasms of the Words,
without to we understand,
how slippery is this one,
for the Dreams and Hopes of the Future,
which collapses in the abyss,
of beyond us,
without to ever meeting us,
in the Memory of a Past,
what remained rusty,
at the closed Gates,
of an Universe,
of the Nobody.

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58. The mortals from ourselves

Were collapsed,
the Mysteries of the Dreams,
of a creating God,
so deep,
in the Genes of the Genesis,
of the Suffering,
that,
nor the tumultuous Illusions of the Happiness,
have no longer succeeded,
it to take them out,
from the Souls of the Original Sins,
which we have become,
the mortals from ourselves,
ever.

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59. We want to him recreate on God

The altars of the Consciousnesses,
were defiled,
by the Defective Genes,
yet from the ancient Times,
without of Time,
from the dawn pressed and oppressed,
of a Humanity,
without anything human,
where the Original Sins,
they began to make the law,
to all the Illusions of this World,
which learned how to abuse us,
then when we want
to him recreate on God,
after the image and likeness,
of the Hopes.

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60. Does not resemble with us at all

The gods of Illusions of the Happiness,
they never understood,
how sick the world has become,
after being infected,
with the rabies virus,
taken from the Original Sins,
which have grafted us the Blood,
with the Vanity gathered,
from all corners of the Universe,
where was found the Stellar Dust,
enough of harmful,
that we may build to us a Death,
after the image and likeness of a God,
which does not resemble with us, at all.

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61. The Sacred Fire of the Eternity of the Moment

Why the steps of Destiny,
they pass through the Errors of the Creation,
learning however to die worthy,
even if,
the Illusions of the Happiness and Suffering,
they proposed them to be sell on nothing,
to the Absurd of a Vanity,
who never has learned,
that the Meaning of the cause and effect,
can not substitute,
the Divine Light of the Consciousness,
lit by the Immortality of a Star,
which has fallen for us,
saving us,
with the Sacred Fire of the Eternity of the Moment,
who awaits us,
beyond of anything,
Delusion.

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62. A Compromise with the Illusions

How much truth,
can exist in the Illusion of the Consciousness,
which shows us a totally different World,
of, that ,
which is in the Reality without boundaries,
of the Banality of an Existence,
for which the Birth,
has become indebted to the Death,
still before,
of to be predestined,
the Illusion of the Suffering and Happiness,
on the face full of Wrinkles of a Time,
which at that time,
he did not know how to count his Moments,
of the Spaces,
between Darkness and Light,
Truth and False,
and when he learned,
was obliged by the Error of the Creation,
to make a Compromise with the Illusions,
becoming just as dead,
as are his lost Days,
through the corners of our Souls.

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63. The killed souls by the Illusions

How much Water of Life,
was it wasted on the Illusions of the Happiness ?,
which not even,
they do not know how to behave,
then when the Days learn to die,
drowned in the blood of the Sunsets,
of the Separation,
of, ourselves,
we the ones who have understood,
once and for all,
how hard it is to find the springs,
of the Stranger, Subconscious, of the Absolute Truth,
hidden,
among the ruins of the Cathedrals,
from the killed souls,
by the Illusions of the Life and Death.

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64. The currency exchange offices

God has pawned His World,
to some Destinies, trespassers
which no longer want to return her to him,
without considerable sums,
of, Eternal Moments,
counted by the Illusions of the Death,
at the currency exchange offices,
where are given some Illusions,
on a certain number of Realities,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
where the Absolute Truth,
can hardly cope,
with the formation of the Director Committee,
of the Absurd,
of an Existence,
in which we have floundered us,
the Births.

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65. Universes of Fractals

If we do not report us,
by mirroring,
to the existential Opposites,
of the each Sense,
we would become we ourselves,
the God,
creating us,
the Loneliness of the Immortality,
as it was self-created,
the Divinity of the Divine Light,
who needed,
of, Parallel Mirrors,
of the Great Universal Contemplation,
for to contemplate,
in the infinity of the Universes,
of Fractals.

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66. A God of Mistake

The antipodes,
were for the Fractals of the Conscience,
the legs, of bridge, of the Knowledge,
which became autonomous,
of Existence,
then when God,
has created the Original Sins,
Mistake,
which shows that not the Existence,
is that,
through which we becoming aware of the Creation,
but, the Defective Genes,
from the Spirituality of the Contemplation,
of a God,
of the Mistakes.

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67. At the distaff of the Vanity

The Universe of Knowledge,
is full of Vandals of Dreams,
which, they hit with the foot of the Illusions,
whole Creations, of, Worlds
much better than this,
in which we interweaved us,
at the distaff of the Vanity,
the Illusions of the Life and Death,
for to weave us,
the web of the Cemeteries,
with which to clothe us the Hopes,
dead before to be exist
ourselves,
alongside the Subconscious Stranger,
of the Absolute Truth.

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68. The Happiness to give birth at new Worlds

Have frozen the branches of the Dreams,
that they have fallen,
of, on, them
heavy of lead,
deep and deaf,
the Illusions,
which have clothed them,
the roots of the Aspirations,
towards new Horizons,
on which only the palms,
calloused by Mistakes,
of the God,
have succeeded, to comprise them,
in the plenitude,
of their,
the Happiness to give birth,
at new Worlds.

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69. So much Smoke

I did not understand,
why God,
he threw us,
so much Smoke,
of His own Mistakes,
in the Eyes of Heaven,
of our Souls,
that none of those,
Chimney sweep
of the moments,
who have brought with them the Brushes of the Eternity,
have not succeeded,
to cleanse us the Chimneys of the Consciousness,
from the heavy and stifling Smoke,
of the Illusions of the Life,
of the Death, Suffering,
of the Happiness, but also of others,
whose tars drown us the Days,
in a bitter fog,
of end, of World.

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70. We have become our own Strangers

Have fallen,
the rusty leaves of the Days,
over the Autumn,
cold and insensitive,
of a Memory,
which it expected to die,
once with the first flakes of the Forgetfulness,
fallen on tired eyelashes,
of the Horizon,
what has disappeared,
in the flames of the end of World,
of the lost Glances,
under whose roof,
we're walking,
the Moments lost by Time,
at the Lottery of the Despair,
which sold them to the Destinies,
so separated by themselves,
that we have become our own Strangers,
of the Subconscious of the Absolute Truth.

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71. Burdensome interests

The stinginess has become an advantage,
before of the Destiny,
then when we count,
the Moments due the Illusions of the Death,
on which,
increasingly more exhausted,
we pay them harder,
due to the Existence,
of Lead, Sentimental,
which became increasingly heavy and oppressive,
sharpening the destructive weapons of the Being,
which they torn us the Conscience,
deepening us much more,
in burdensome interests,
of other and other Illusions,
thus we can no longer buy,
not even a coffin, of Word,
no matter how impoverished he would be,
as, to we can bury us,
the only fortune which has remained us,
and that can not be taken from us, by any Illusion,
because none, can be identified through it,
and this is,
the Love.

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72. Fractals and Time

Fractals are the only entities,
which define us the Time,
as being a fluid,
on which the Space sails,
from several Universes,
some more wandering than others,
through the Waves of the Illusions of the Existence,
of an Universal Super-Consciousness,
who defends himself through these Waves,
of, the own Absolute Truth,
what wants to take her place,
and to destroy the whole Knowledge,
throwing her in the deep abysses of the Forgetfulness,
knowing that can not exist,
Consciousness without Knowledge,
and neither the Knowledge without Illusion,
choosing, the complete and definitive Death,
as a rescue,
from the Paradises of the Infernos,
of the Feeling.

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73. Who and what is actually

I wonder then,
when the trumpets of the Apocalypse will sound,
for our Defective Genes,
we will realize who and what namely are we?
without calling,
to degrading Illusions,
and lacking of, a real Sense,
of the Life and Death,
of the Happiness and Suffering,
which have bound us to the pillars of the Infamy,
our own Stars of the Destinies,
what they chose to become, the falling stars,
than they to look from the Souls vault,
where it still hides,
the Subconscious Stranger of the Absolute Truth,
how are they killed, by drowning,
by the indifferent Time,
the eternities of the Moments,
what they have not been given to us,
by the Great Universal Contemplation,
to be offered as food to a Death,
about which we do not know,
who and what is actually.

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74. In one hypostasis or another

How necessary are to the Blood,
the Original Sins,
which have sifted over the territory of Knowledge,
a thick fog of Questions and Answers,
on which none of the churches of the Words,
can not untie them,
by the lattice of a Conscience,
on which we have never managed so far,
to remove them,
for to escape of ourselves,
the illusory ones,
who we exist through the Illusion,
as, to we arrive,
until, beyond all,
what our Conscience can discern,
for to meet on Us,
the true ones.

I wonder then,
we will accept us anymore,
in one hypostasis or another?

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75. The Will of the Death

Storms of Delusions,
haunts the broken branches,
of the Defective Genes,
from which the Destiny has intertwined,
the Existence of a Time,
of the Nobody,
but, which kills us, for everyone,
the Dreams of the immortality,
from a Creation,
what could have been ours,
if it had not been stolen, from us,
by the Will of the Death,
which wants us to become,
only hers.

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76. Icons of Passions

How much determination,
can exist in the Soul of the Illusion,
for to be capable,
to deceive,
an entire World of the Dreams,
with the aridity of a Thinking,
of the Happiness ?,
after which it longs for,
the Loneliness of the Suffering,
of the tired Glances,
of the Icons of Passions,
on which they have owed them,
the our Salvations,
to the Original Sins,
lost through the Cathedrals of the Hearts ?

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77. The Samovar of the Eternity

The Existence,
she should not beg,
never to the Illusions,
its right to Immortality,
how the Time,
he would not have what to look for,
at the table of the Consciousness,
if he is wasting on nothing,
the Eternities of the Moments,
with which the Death has filled,
the Samovar of the Eternity,
from which serves us daily,
a new portion,
of Absurd, Anguish, and Vanity.

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